Iu. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.
Mer. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and* Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun sets, the Ayre doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sun-set of my Brothers sonne,
It raines downe right.
How now a Conduit Girle, what still in teares.
Euermore showring: In one little body?
Thou counterfeits, a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she giues you thankes.
I would the Foole were marryed to her Graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you Wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thankes?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
(Vnworthy as she is) that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Iu. Not proud, you haue, but thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How now, how now, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud: Mistris minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But settle your fine Ioynts gainst Thursday next,
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will dragge thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene sickenesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you madde?
Iu. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
Fa. Hang thee yong baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, doe not answere mee.
My fingers itch, wife, wee scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that wee haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen blesse her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.
Fa. And why my Lady wisdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, goe,
Nur. I speake no treason,
Fa. O Godigeden,
Nur. May not one speake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowle,
For here wee need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes mee madde,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone, in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly allied,
Stuft (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportioned as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,